MAN MADE

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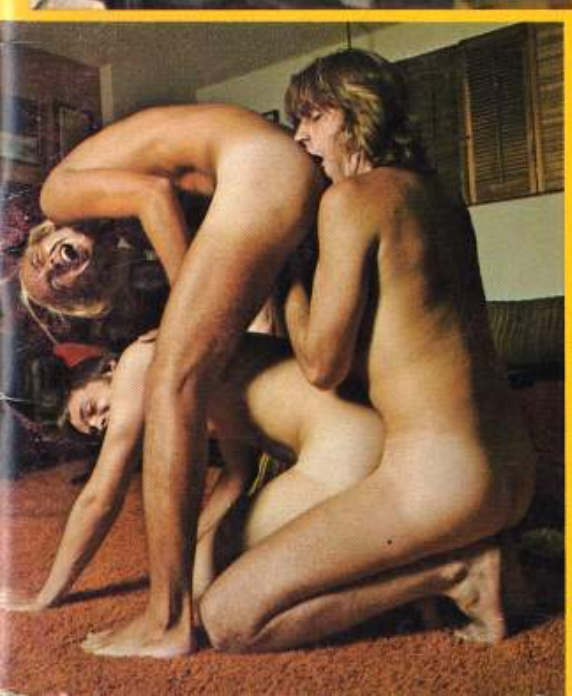

Man-Made! No one makes it harder, thicker or longer than these heavy-hung and hunky boys!

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HOT COCKS

The four boys fell asleep happily together on the large bed. Miguel knew that his mother and sisters would be going out to noon mass and though he and Guillermo could slip back in then unnoticed, if his sisters had stayed out of the room.

Fat chance of that, Miguel thought. But it didn't really matter, he decided. He already sensed that it was probably only a matter of time until he--and maybe Guillermo as well--moved in with Tonto and Ari. The whole thing hadn't really been discussed, but all the hints were there and it seemed more or less inevitable.

Miguel looked about the room before dosing off. The boys had decorated it comfortably with posters and record album covers. Almost all the furniture was close to the floor--cushions and pillows and low tables, with no real chairs or sofas and what-not. The whole room seemed to speak of lounging, relaxing, and (Miguel smiled with a blush) fucking. Definitely fucking.

The Hispanic boy looked at the three boys beside him on the bed, with the cocks in various stages of unrest. Tonto's dick was tight and rigid, though the Indian boy seemed to be sound asleep. Miguel wondered if the erection ever left him. The cock seemed to have a permanent rigidity--a rigidity that he certainly intended to make the best use of possible.

Both Ari and Guillermo had semi-erections. They were asleep in each other's arms, and despite all the changing partners that had occured during their four-way, Miguel sensed strongly that there was a real bond developing between the two boys--perhaps the same sort of thing that was growing so beautifully between him and Tonto. Ari reached down and began to stroke Guillermo's smooth ass. Guillermo responded by caressing Ari's tight, muscular thighs, then slipping his hand in to gently stroke the hot young Greek boy's balls. Miguel began to get turned on all over again just watching them--and he was convinced that both boys were sound asleep.

Nonetheless Ari's cock leapt out to its full length and stood throbbing for attention while Guillermo continued to stroke his come-filled balls.

Miguel roused himself from his position next to Tonto on the bed and crawled over beside Guillermo and Ari. He took Ari's throbbing dick in his mouth and the sleeping boy sighed heavily and began to rotate his hips sensuously on the mattress. His motion roused Guillermo to a state of semi-awareness, and seeing Miguel sucking Ari's cock so beautifully drove the half-asleep Guillermo to want a hot cock in his mouth as well. With his hand still caressing Ari's balls, Guillermo easily and quickly went after Miguel's unattended dick.

Miguel bucked excitedly into Guillermo's mouth, moving around so that he was on his hands and knees. Ari was on his back with Miguel sucking his cock and Guillermo still stroking his balls. Guillermo was on his side, with Miguel's big cock driving in and out of his mouth while he still kept one hand on the Greek boy's balls.

Tonto awoke with a start and saw the three-way going on across the mattress. He blinked the sleep out of his eyes and grabbed at his always-ready cock, wondering how he could best fit into the fun going on.

Both Miguel's and Guillermo's asses were available, as well as Ari's mouth. He decided on the first of the three--he really was beginning to dig his Puerto Rican dream boy's ass--and reached excitedly for the lubricant.

Lubricating his big cock with the greaseless goo, he left some of the stuff on the tips of his fingers and worked it gently into Miguel's hole.

The Spanish boy let out a loud moan of delight. Holy shit, he thought. To have a hot Greek dick in his mouth, his lover's long thick Indian cock up his ass, and his own meat serviced skillfully by a beautiful Spanish boy who seemed to know the big weapon as well as Miguel himself had learned to know it from stroking it countless lonely nights without number--to have all that at the same time! Christ, who could ask for more?

Tonto entered Miguel with a quick roughness, then began fucking the kneeling boy with long, smooth strokes. Miguel groaned with pleasure,

working Ari's cock with renewed vigor as he himself got hot dick shoved up his ass.

Ari now snapped wide awake and looked at all the fucking and sucking going on around him. he bucked his hot cock into Miguel's mouth, trying to match his rhythms to those slow, smooth plunges that Tonto was making into Miguel's other chief orifice.

Ari noticed immediately that Guillermo's huge tool had been left unattended in all the slurping going on and reached out for it hungrily, turning the boy around so that the cock moved easily in the direction of his eager Greek mouth.

"Oh, ah, uhmmmm!" cried out Ari, enveloping the brown dick that he had learned to love so completely in just one evening in the cells--taking it into his mouth so greedily that the Hispanic boy's whole body jerked spastically. Ari felt the tremor not only in the boy's cock, but through his hand which was still caressing Ari's balls. The tremor also shook Miguel's big cock as it plunged deeper and deeper into Guillermo's mouth. And the shivers seemed to run up Miguel's cock and back inside his body, where of course the vibrations were picked up by Tonto's cock which was plunging there madly.

Tonto grabbed Miguel excitedly about the waist and began to pump slightly faster, then much faster, then really fast. All four boys knew that the man doing the fucking was their director, that he would decide when they all should come, just as he made all decisions. For the Dudes, for everything. Tonto, for all his loner qualities (and possibly partially because of them) was simply a born leader, one who commanded everything and everyone just by his presence in a room or situation.

There was more as well--something that made all of the three boys in the bed--as well as most of the boys in the club--want to be dominated, even hurt, to a certain degree, by the big beautiful Indian stud. Pain from him was absolute pleasure to them. They wanted sex with him from the moment they met him--everyone always did--but they also wanted it to be rough, hard, overwhelming. They wanted him to top them, to fuck them, to come in their faces or all over their bodies, to slap them, hard, across the face or ass, to fuck them, again and again, until they were ready to drop from exhaustion and ecstasy.

So the three boys now looked to their leader, their master, their wondercock superstud. It was all up to him.

Tonto understood his power, and reveled in it. He looked down at the other three boys and drew his hot, almost-ready-to-come cock all the way out of Miguel's ass. Miguel cried out in confusion at the loss of the weapon that had been fucking him so brutally and well.

Tonto grabbed his own big cock and began stroking it powerfully. The other three boys did their best to turn their eyes to him and watch his ceremonial masturbatory preparation.

After about ten or fifteen strokes, Tonto bucked forward powerfully and rammed his cock again deeply into Miguel's asshole. Much of the lubrication had worn off of Tonto's dick from the previous fucking and from his stroking on the cock with his hands, so the entry was brutal, dry and painful. Miguel screamed out and almost collapsed. Tonto held him tightly around the waist, then moved his arms further up the boy's torso to caress and support his chest. Miguel was breathing very deeply. His head was spinning wildly. Tonto was all the way in now, and stroking smoothly, but that first thrust had almost killed him.

Somehow the great pain he had just endured made him know beyond any shadow of a doubt how much he loved the Indian boy, however. He knew that Tonto was his master completely, forever. That he would always serve Tonto's hot, hard will, would always struggle within his own being to satisfy the Indian boy completely. Now he ached, longed for the giant cock to come, to explode, to reward him with the gushing of Tonto's insides inside his own inner being. The climax would, he knew, make them one again.

Miguel's tongue lashed out hungrily at Ari's cock, which has slipped almost out of the side of his mouth as he had turned his head a second before to look at Tonto. Ari in turn renewed his suck-action on Guillermo's cock, and Guillermo passed the hunger on to Miguel's hot meat, plunging so satisfyingly in his own mouth.

"Ahhhh," screamed Tonto with a long low sigh, letting the three boys know that he was about ready to shoot off into Miguel's ass. He slowed his pumping slightly, prolonging the final spasm as long as possible. But Miguel's ass was too hot, too warm, too excited for Tonto's cock to manage to cool off inside it. The hole demanded that the big commanding cock come--now--and the master's meat followed the slave's hole's insistent orders, shooting spurt after spurt of hot juice far up inside of Miguel's body.

Miguel's mouth went all the way to the bottom of Ari's shaft as Tonto's dick began to pour forth inside of him, and Ari, feeling a simultaneous excited tug by Guillermo on his balls, shot

his own beautiful hot Greek load into Miguel's mouth immediately.

With the two boys' come hitting him from both ends, Miguel immediately poured his own hot come out into Guillermo's mouth, and that action caused the other Hispanic boy to shoot happily into his Greek lover's mouth.

The four fell back happy and exhausted. They had done it again.

Miguel awakened again at about eleven-thirty, and moved around to gently shake Guillermo awake.

"We should leave in a few minutes," he whispered, so as not to arouse the two other sleeping boys, "so that we can slip into my room while my mother and sisters are at church."

Guillermo looked at him sleepily, and Miguel kissed him full on the lips. The boy pulled him down to him hungrily and reached for his fellow Hispanic's much-used cock. Miguel smiled, sure that he could not possibly get another erection this morning, after all the actions of the night and early morning hours.

He was wrong. His cock leapt eagerly up in Guillermo's hand, and the young boy moved hungrily to suck. Miguel then reached for his partner's cock and found it hard and ready as well. Maneuvering their bodies into a side sixty-nine position, he began to suck skillfully at Guillermo's hot and handsome piece of meat.

Tonto and Ari felt the sucking action along the mattress, and both awakened with massive erections.

"Well," laughed Tonto aloud. "Nothing like seconds in the morning." He rubbed some lubricant on his cock and went immediately for Miguel's sideways-lying ass. "Why don't you get some of that?" Tonto called out to his roommate, tossing the lubricant to him and motioning toward Guillermo.

Ari nodded happily and began to lubricate his own cock well, then to rub some of the substance up inside Guillermo's still relatively virgin asshole. Guillermo now found himself in the same position that Miguel had experienced earlier that morning--getting fucked by a beautiful young stud whom he hoped would become his lover, while his own cock got serviced and he had another hot P.R. dick deep in his own mouth. Heaven--absolute ecstasy.

Tonto and Ari entered the sixty-nining Hispanic boys at almost exactly the same time, and as they began to fuck the sucking boys, their own bodies formed a kind of sixty-nine that enclosed the other sixty-nine. The act was what Tonto was to later refer to lovingly as The One-Hundred-Thirty-Eight.

Their four fast comes were completed in almost unison, and Tonto then hustled the two Spanish boys into his shower, so that they could clean up before heading home to Miguel's apartment up the street. The two friends enjoyed themselves enormously in the Indian boy's shower, lathering each other up excitedly, pushing each other under the softly spraying nozzle, giving each other's meat a good stimulating suck (though neither of them came again). They dried off and donned the clothes which it now seemed they had first put on days ago.

They headed down stairs and out onto the street, where they immediately confronted trouble, head on.

Five members of the motorcycle gang which the Dudes had degraded at the Station the night before were standing in front of Tonto's building, holding Eddy brutally by the right arm, which they had twisted painfully behind his back.

"He doesn't live here, he doesn't live here!" Eddy was shouting as Miguel and Guillermo walked unwittingly out the door.

The largest of the pigs immediately recognized Guillermo and Miguel. "Hey, get them!" he shouted to his smelly friends. "That one especially," he said, indicating Guillermo. "That little prick pissed on me three times."

Two big bruisers grabbed Miguel and Guillermo tightly in greasy vise-holds. Exhausted by a whole night of sucking and being sucked, the boys were easy prey.

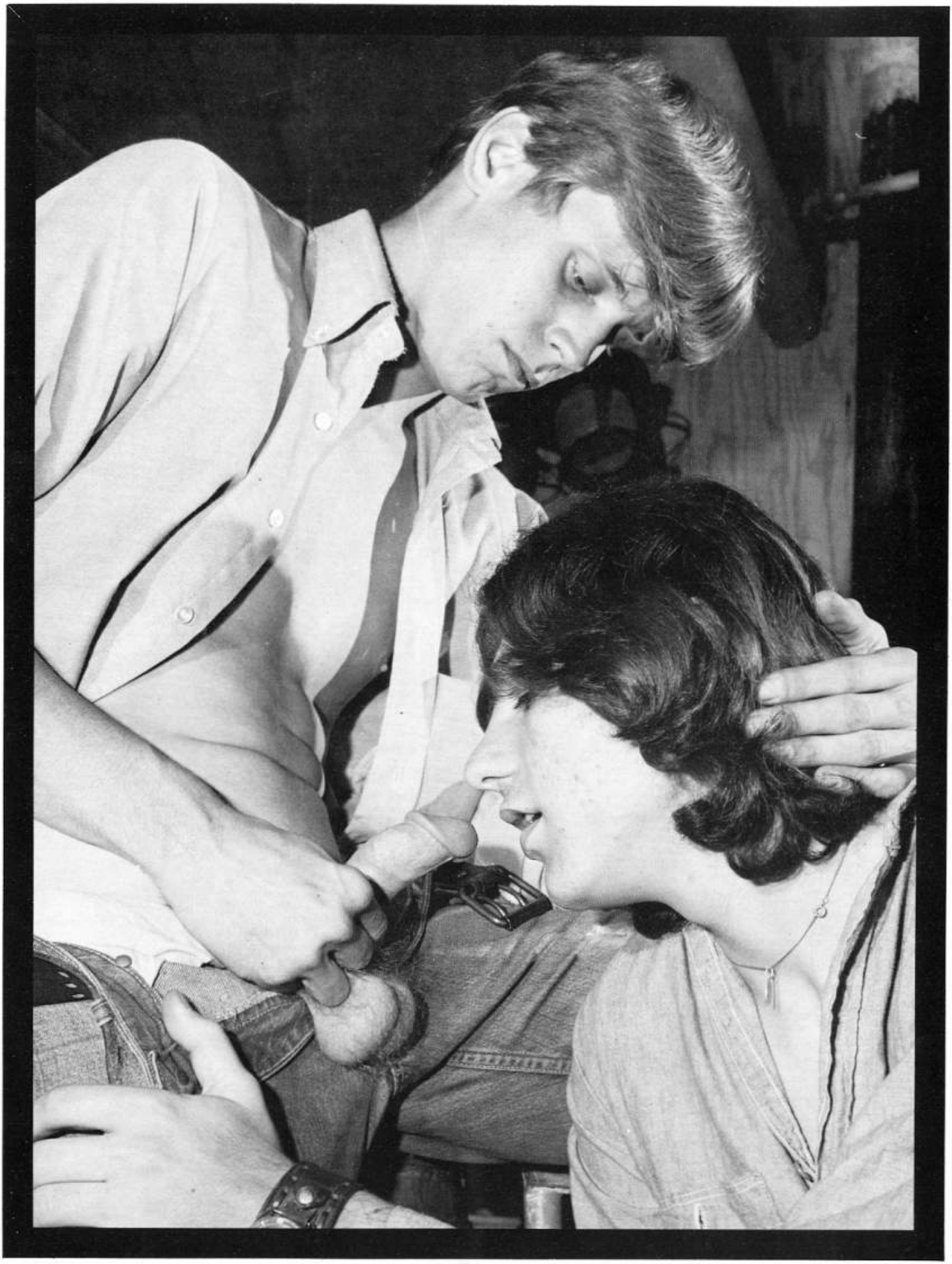
The guy holding Guillermo dragged him before the elephantine leader of the bikers.

"You!" the gruesome specimen of humanity squealed out, striking the boy hard across the face with his silver ring-covered warty hand. "You know, I bet! Where does that fuckin' Indian live? We wanna play cowboys with him!"

Guillermo feigned confusion. "No habla Ingles," he said with a shrug. The big pig hit him again.

Miguel glanced over at Eddy and noticed the boy had a whistle, just like Tonto's, hanging around his neck. But Eddy had both arms pinioned behind his back by the bearded mass of fat and pimples that held him tight.

The biker holding Miguel was a skinny, dumb-looking type, with a beer belly and a surprisingly large basket. Miguel suddenly feigned a faint to the ground, and the guy let him



drop, so surprised was he by the move. Miguel sprang up immediately kicking his foot up with all his might into the biker's big basket. The tall skinny guy fell to the ground in a helpless heap.

In a flash Miguel had the whistle off of Eddy's neck and was blowing it with all the breath he could summon from his excited lungs. Having no idea what the signal was supposed to be, he just kept blowing as long and loud as he could, until a blow from one of the bikers felled him and he felt the whistle being violently ripped from his mouth and hands.

But it was too late. The Sunday noon sidewalk was suddenly alive with people who had heard the desperate whistle bleating out for help--fat middle-aged matrons with their brooms, a cook from Ari's father's restaurant carrying a large frying pan, even an old white-haired guy in coveralls carrying a musket that looked like it had seen service in the Revolutionary War.

The piggish leader of the bikers blanched and yelled out to his buddies, "Holy shit, let's get out of here!"--just as about a dozen Denim Dudes rounded the corner in a dead heat.

Tonto himself came bounding down the stairs half-dressed and kicked the last biker in the ass just as he climbed on his cycle and peeled off in a cloud of mini-pollution.

The Dudes gathered around Tonto, who was busy thanking the people from the houses and restaurants along the street who had come to the aid of his friends. "You help us, we help you," he called out to the people old and young who were standing around. "That's the only we can survive around here. If you live or work in this neighborhood, you know that as well as I do. We can't do anything by hating each other or fighting amongst ourselves. We have to fight against the punks and creeps and junkies that surround us, if we're going to keep this space ours."

An old Italian lady started a chorus of bravos. Tonto smiled, and Miguel felt very proud of him.

Tonto continued his speech one step further. "Now, I think most of you know who we are, the guys with the whistles and the denim jackets. We call ourselves the Dudes. We're gay, and that's the only thing we have in common, except hating punks and other people who try to repress or oppress us. We hate repression or oppression of all kinds, and we fight it on whatever level we can. But we're particularly dedicated to stamping out harrassment of gays by the punks of the world. We live here in your neighborhood and we respect all of you--as long as you respect us and let us live here in peace. We're tough dudes, too. That's how we got our name. We can either fight with you and for you--or against you. I'm here to tell you that our enemies are the same. They're the ones outside, who try to hurt or ridicule us all, for what we believe, for what we are, for what we may happen to like to do in bed. I think we can all work together. We'll help you--protect you--just as long as you help and protect us."

The Italian lady again led the cheers. Tonto had organized Spring Street that day, and things would never be quite the same again.

"Upstairs!" Tonto commanded the Dudes who were standing around. He nodded to Guillermo and Miguel to come to, and Miguel decided that whatever it was that Tonto wanted, it had to be more important than he and Guillermo getting home right away. There was probably going to be hell to pay for his staying out all night anyway.

About twenty-five or thirty guys crowded into Ari's and Tonto's room. The mattress was lifted and shoved up against one wall, and all the Dudes sat quietly on the floor.

Miguel noticed again what a fantastic looking bunch of boys they were. Especially blonds and guys with coal black hair (both Hispanic and Italian), and even one cute little redhead.

Tonto's voice brought the "meeting" to order. "Okay," he boomed out. "I think we've got trouble. Big trouble." The room was in complete silence. "Maybe we made a mistake last night in humiliating those bastards so completely. There are a lot of them, I'm afraid, and not just over on Third Street. All over the city. If they should decide to get together and go after us, it could really be war."

Tonto paused letting the impact of what he had just said sink into everyone in the room. He continued, "So we've got to be ready. Be prepared for the worst. I've never really outlined a lot of defensive tactics before, but now we've really got to deal with it."

Miguel looked on excitedly as Tonto carefully outlined the plans he had in mind. Everyone in the club had to get whistles, like the ones he and Eddy had. Everyone had to learn the signals, and to remember to listen for them constantly. Committees had to be formed within the group to deal with new membership--they had also to deal with the whole question of whether or not to let sympathetic non-gays into the group--and to deal with such questions as community relations and

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how best to handle reports of harrassment and other unpleasantries.

"Up till now, we've handled everything just sort of as it came along," Tonto said. "That won't work any more. We've grown too large, and we now be in real danger. Even if this threat passes, there are going to be more and more people who resent our growing voice and power as gays who refuse to be sissies and pantywaists to their rampant heterosexism. The straight bigots are really running scared now. We are a threat to everything they believe in--their whole code of ethics. In a way, we gays may threaten them more than the Indians or the Blacks or the North Vietnamese ever did, because our 'difference' hits so much closer to home.

"Anyway, we may have a real war on our hands, either right now with the bikers, or in the future with people who think just like they do though they may wear somewhat more conservative clothes."

Miguel looked around the room again. He liked what Tonto was saying, in essence, but it was beginning to get a little heavy and political. He believed in liberation and all, but his liberation was a much more personal--and sexual--thing to him. He'd fight beside Tonto to the ends of the earth, just because he was Tonto (and Miguel had a hunch that many of the boys in the room were dedicated to the cause for exactly the same reasons). But right now he was more interested in fantasizing what all these guys might look like with their trousers down....

Glancing around the room, Miguel had spotted some very interesting looking crotches on the boys in the gang. He decided he was particularly interested in the little redhead on the far side of the room. The boy seemed very young--probably only ten or eleven--but he had a sensuous self-awareness about him that turned Miguel on tremendously. He made a mental note of asking Tonto about him soon. Maybe that bed would be big enough for five.

The meeting went on for another hour. Miguel noticed that Guillermo was almost falling asleep, and, indeed, even Ari, sitting up in one corner of the room, looked as if he were about ready to nod out, too. They had after all had quite a night--and still practically no sleep.

Tonto ended up calling a general meeting of all the Dudes to be at the Police Station the following night. Items on the agenda would be what to do about the threatened biker retaliation and the initiation of new members. His ears perked up when he heard this, as did Guillermo's. Ari gave them a grin from his corner.

The two Hispanic boys hung around a few minutes after most of the other boys had left. Miguel was sorry to note that the red-headed guy was one of the first out the door and down the stairs.

Eddy hung around and gave almost shyly up to Miguel.

"I--uh--hear you and Tonto are getting pretty friendly," he said, trying hard not to show any jealousy. "May-the-best-man-win and all that, I guess. But I would like to see you occasionally. You know. Whenever. I do dig you a lot."

Miguel's dark eyes sparkled and he kissed the blond boy warmly on the lips. "Don't be silly," he whispered. "Of course, we'll see each other again. With Tonto, if you like. Would you dig that?

The blond boys blushed scarlet. "No," he said shaking his head. "I'm sorry, but I'm just not much into that whole scene. Not that I think there's anything wrong with it or anything. It's just not my thing. But I'd love to see you. Any time." He gave a little laugh and nodded to Guillermo. "Or your pal there. Or any of his cousins, or uncles or brothers-in-law. That's one thing I'm not picky about." He kissed Miguel warmly on the lips and headed out and down the stairs.

The two Hispanic boys said good-bye again to Tonto and Ari, then left themselves. Tonto called after them down the stairs, inviting them both back that night to smoke some grass and watch some awful old movies on television that night. Miguel said they would do their best.

When the two boys finally walked into Miguel's apartment, the place was in an absolute furor. Both Miguel's mother and fat Juanita rushed hysterically to the two "missing" boys and grabbed them into their arms, proclaiming that they had given them up for dead for sure.

Miguel calmly told them that they had spent the night with "friends," and that they shouldn't have worried. He hadn't thought that his mother would be so hysterical that she would call Juanita, but indeed she had done just that when the boys weren't back by the time she was ready to leave for mass. Not only had Juanita hurried down on the subway to look for her brother, but Marcos was there as well, sitting over in a corner and giving Miguel the glare of death.

His new not-quite-stepfather, Senor Montez, also decided to put his two cents in, all about the duty of a young Spanish boy to his long-suffering

mother, and Miguel was suddenly fed up with the whole scene. He told them all loudly that he was plenty old enough to take care of himself and walked into the room and slammed the door.

Voices rose outside, talking excitedly for several minutes. Then Miguel heard the outer door shut and there was stony silence in the room outside. Hoping they all had gone, he took his clothes off and was just preparing to crawl into bed when a gentle rap came at the door.

He recognized the knock immediately as Marcos' knock--and moved tremblingly to unlock the door.

His brother stood tall and strong in the doorway, and Miguel realized how much he ached for him still, even with his new-found love of Tonto. He pushed the door open and motioned for Marcos to come in.

Marcos closed the door behind him and stood gazing up and down Miguel's naked brown young body. Miguel sensed desire in his brother's eyes, and walked quickly toward him, pushing his face up to him and kissing him warmly on the lips. Marcos' arms closed around thim tightly, and Miguel could feel his brother's hot excitement through the open shirt and loose pants that he had worn. Miguel's hand slipped out to acknowledge the welcome presence of the cock he loved so well, and he found Marcos' tool rigidly erect.

Marcos kissed him back wetly and drew the boy to him. "I've missed you so," he mumbled.

Miguel drew back, almost angry. "You've made your choice," he said, plainly and almost cruelly.

Marcos nodded. "Yes," he said quietly. "Do you understand that?"

Miguel looked back at him for a long moment. "Understand it?" he asked, shrugging his bare shoulders. "What is there to understand? Do you understand my choice?"

Marcos looked at him, perplexed. He tried to laugh nonchalantly. "But, Miguel," he said firmly, as if to reassure himself, "surely you realize that this thing you think you feel now is just a phase--a passing fancy that all boys go through?" Marcos stared almost pitifully into Miguel's face.

Miguel looked at him coolly and said quietly, "What phase is that? What fascination? I'm not sure I know exactly what you're talking about."

Marcos suddenly looked extremely uncomfortable and embarrassed.

Miguel at last broke the silence with, "Are you trying to talk about the fact that I like men instead of women? I always have. Completely. There's nothing new about it. And we both know that it's nothing I have to explain to you. Of all people."

Hot tears rushed down Marcos' cheeks. "But you can't live this way!" he insisted angrily. "Don't you know that? It's not normal. It's not natural. You have to marry. Have children. Eveyone expects it." Marcos smashed his fists angrily into the door of Miguel's closet.

Miguel looked up at him, and for the first time he felt pity for the brother he loved so much. For Marcos was the one who was really lost. He had settled for the world's values, society's rotten, twisted standards. He didn't have half the courage that Miguel and Guillermo had staying out all night with their new lovers. And the irony of Marcos' coming here to try to persuade him that what he, Miguel, was doing was wrong. And that irony was almost enough to make Miguel laugh. But he knew that if he laughed, the laughter would turn hysterically, because he still loved Marcos so much, still wanted and need him so. It only tortured to see him so miserable, when Miguel knew himself how much easier, saner, more reasonable the choice that he was making was over the choice that Marcos had made.

Tears rolled down Marcos' cheeks once more, and Miguel moved towards him, clutching his brother's body to him strongly. Marcos wept at the foolishness of his "mission"--to save poor Miguel from the clutches of "perverts," when he knew the boy was no more (and probably a lot less) perverted than he himself was. His cock stiffened as he held his younger brother in his arms, and suddenly all that he could think of was how wonderful the boy's lips and tongue had felt on his cock, and what an incredible fuck (a hundred times better than Juanita, who had B.O.as well as bad breath) the boy had been.

Miguel looked up into his eyes, and Marcos could stand it no longer. He grabbed he boy to him hotly, pressing his stiff cock through his white trousers against the boy's naked body. "Oh, shit," Marcos whispered. "I want you, baby. I want you so fucking much. I've been wanting you--desperately--ever since I left. I love you. You're the only one I'll ever really love."

Miguel gazed up at him tenderly and reached out, without speaking, to unzip Marcos' pants. The loose pants fell easily about the older brother's ankles, and Miguel reached up and pulled down Marcos' jockey shorts, exposing the throbbing giant cock at last.

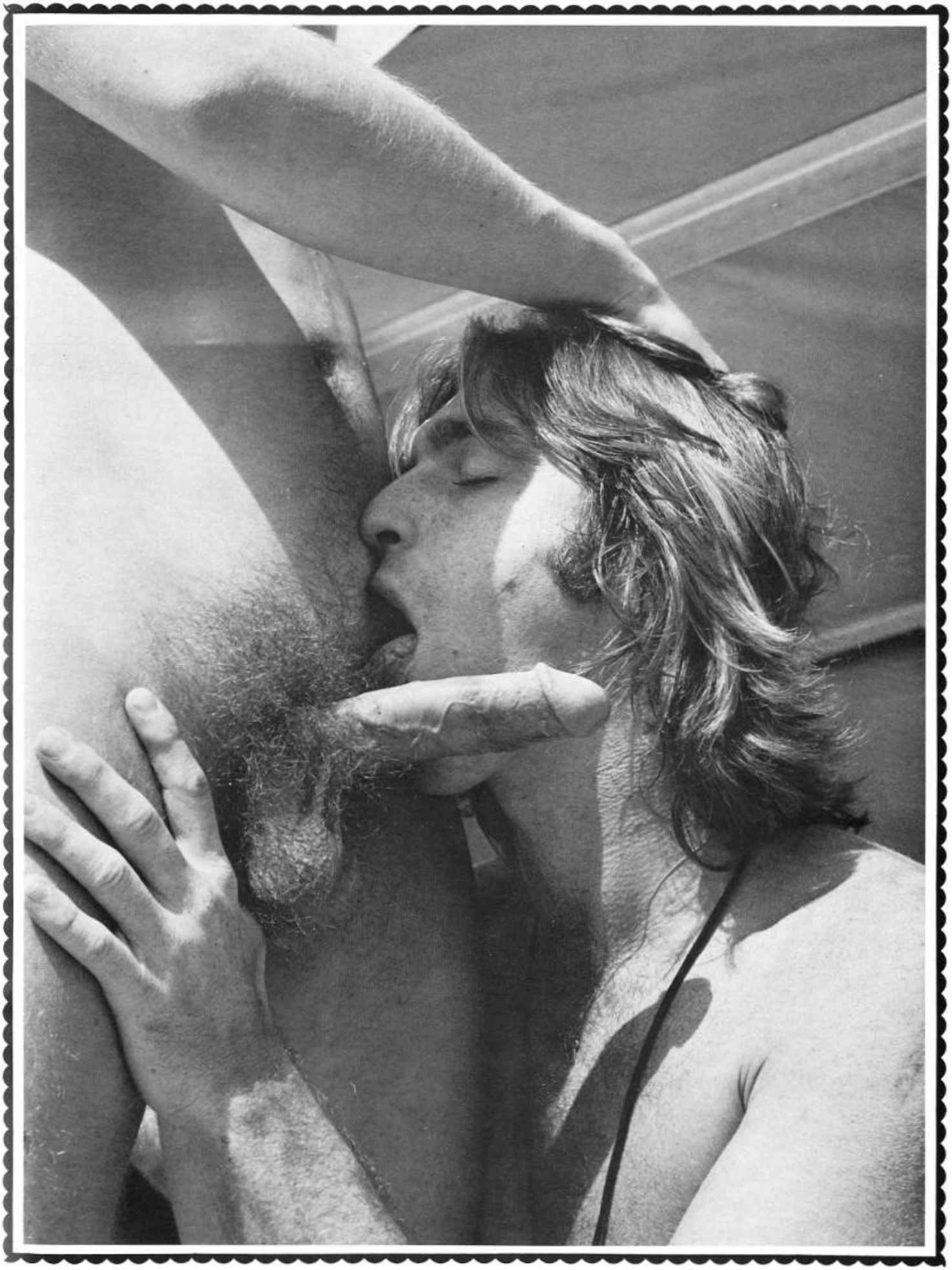
Miguel drew Marcos over to the bed and sat down on it, so that he could easily receive the Standing Marcos' hot dick in his throat. Marcos' body began to buck and tremble into his kid brother's mouth. His excitement was so violent that Miguel began to wonder if Marcos had had satisfying sex with anyone since leaving the room where they had made love together up in El Barrio two months ago.

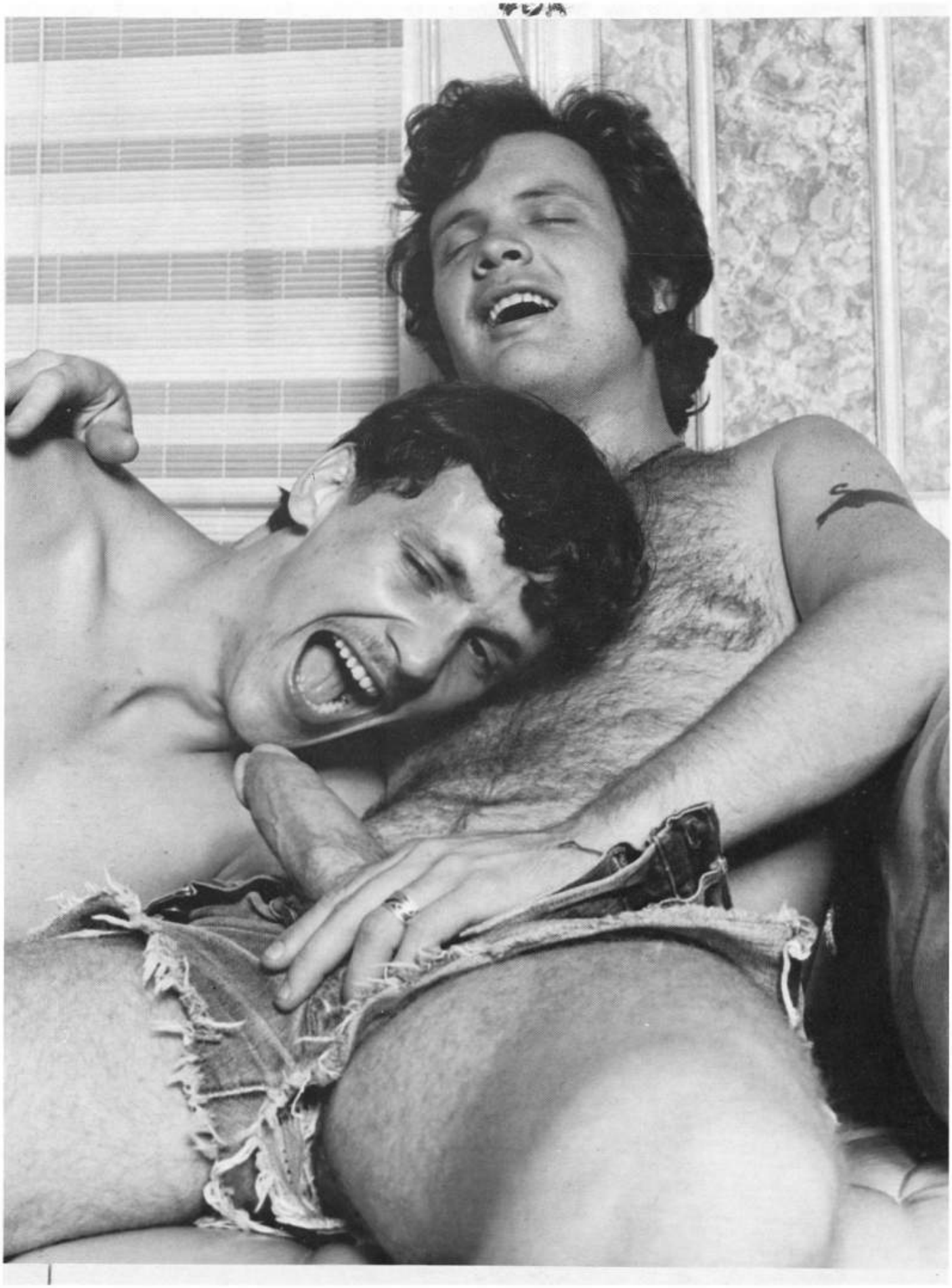
But there was no doubt that Marcos was happy now. The boy's mouth sucked hungrily at the big cock, but both brothers knew that the load inside was reserved for Miguel's ass.

Miguel reached down beneath the bed for the lubricant, and Marcos smiled down at him in excited approval. Miguel greased the hot cock slowly, then bent over for Marcos to likewise prepare his own anal passage. His fingers were tender, strong, terribly exciting as they probed inside him. Miguel reached back and grabbed Marcos's lubrication-covered dick, hugging it to him gently. "Just keeping it warm, he whispered gently over his shoulder.

Marcos pushed him down on the bed and excitedly began to spread the cheeks of the boy's ass. His hand came down in a gently spanking motion, then stopped softly in a caress, instead. Marcos kneaded the boy's ass hotly, then the hug cock moved up slowly and entered the boy in one quick thrust.

A million thoughts shot through Miguel's mind as his brother fucked his ass with all the abandonment of a well-endowed superstud who has no idea what he's really doing, but by means of the sheer size of his weapon and the sheer energy he lends to the endeavor, manages to come off as a fantastic fuck nonetheless.





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